



General Washington's Pass. By Clinton Ross. Author of 'THE SCARLET COAT'.

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Captain, the Honorable William Burton, could not fail to hear the voices from below, and being within the enemy's country, although he had General Washington's safe conduct in his pocket, he naturally listened at the opening in the door. This was a knot hole in the boarding; for the "Inn of Congress"—it had been, before the war, "The King's Arms"—was a very loosely-constructed, ramshackle affair, and the flooring of the room above was the ceiling of the one below. As it happened, Captain Burton had stopped at the tavern to brush up a bit, as three miles farther on was the Wilton manor, where he expected to meet a young woman to whom he had just proposed by letter, and who had accepted him. Now, as he bent on his knees, the captain of Hussars discovered that he was looked above the tannery. A half dozen men were there, and in their interest in the subject in hand, they had forgotten to speak low. They, in fact, did not know that the person they were discussing was directly above them. What the captain heard was this: "There's been a reward offered, ain't there, Tom?" "If there hasn't been, there will be."

Proposed by letter, and been accepted. Although the Wiltons were on the rebel side, and the captain an English officer of the King's Hussars, the match was not unpleasing to the family. They were wise enough, when Polly's heart was set on it, to appreciate that political reasons should not stand in the way; that a gentleman was a gentleman, although they might be fighting against him. Now our captain, having his answer, had not seen his lady love in years. He went boldly and put the matter before Sir Henry, who, those commanding in New York, and the general had not been opposed to three days' leave under such circumstances. He willingly gave



THE WHOLE CREW STOOD WITH LEVELED MUSKETS.

his pass through the lines. General Wilton crossed to General Washington's pass, General Wilton was on his way, with the general in chief, to visit the Count of Rochambeau at Hartford. As it was the Manor, long abandoned by the family, was well within the American lines, and so, for the present, a safe place for a young lady. Was not Mrs. General Arnold, Polly's friend, near there? So Miss Wilton came to be at the Manor. As for the pass, General Washington did not at first see his way to granting it; it was so unusual. They say, indeed, that the captain never would have obtained it had it not been that the case was laid before Mrs. Washington.

"General, you know that nice young man see his sweetheart?" We know he is nice, because we knew him before the war. "I don't see how we can, Martha," the general replied. "Why doesn't Miss Wilton go to him in New York?" "Do you remember the time," Mrs. Washington went on, "when you would have been glad to see me—before we were married?" "Do you think I can forget?" said the chief, naturally enough. "Do you think that time has passed?" "Then think of these poor dears," said Mrs. Washington. For some moments the general reflected, looking at his wife; but finally, they say, he agreed rather irritably to do as she wished. "A woman seems always bound to have her way, Martha."

So he sat down and signed the pass. And it happened that Captain Burton was here, within the American lines, and he did not wish to appear in good clothes before the lady in the case, this sorry adventure I am about to tell of never might have happened to him; he had ridden through Westchester safely enough, showing the general in chief's pass. But Briggs, the man, carried in his saddle-bags the necessities for making a gentleman presentable; and the two had stopped at the "Inn of Congress" a place that had kept open through all the troubles. And now our captain had heard through the opening in the door the plot of these robbers. "Cowboys? I have called them. That name meant more properly the Tories who maddened about Westchester, Deitchard and his gang were anything that might be most profitable, at any moment; cashiers, or deserted, soldiers and convicts. The host of the inn, a man of a cunning and by his shrewdness was able to keep his place open. Even if the house were a rendezvous of many desperate characters, there never was a charge against it. And here were these fellows with the knowledge that a gentleman with money and with rich clothes was above; and the cunning Deitchard, having wind of Major Andre's arrest, had seen how a robbery could be hidden. They could swear, after they had put the captain in an obvious disguise, that he was within the lines, on a false pretext; that really he was there as a spy—that he, another British officer—was part and parcel of the Arnold plot. They would be saved the risk of actually murdering him."

But was reflecting upon this as he stood looking at, but not seeing, his man with the hot shaving water. The road was lonely. Then were seven to two. Should they succeed, the evidence against him would be convincing. And they seek rascals the world over, who ever seek excuses—could, if they succeeded, have a case against him. No British officer's word would be believed in an obvious disguise, but the evidence for the fortune of the hole in the floor, he never might have been warned. At the moment he heard the creaking stair. He knew they had begun; he cursed his vanity in wishing to make himself more presentable to Polly. Would he not be presentable to her, on her own confession, in any guise? "Drop that water pitcher, Briggs! Pistol out!" he ordered.

The startled Briggs obeyed, such being his training. Burton snatched his own pistol from the table and primed it. "We have a little fight on hand," the master said to the man. "Yes, sir." "You have fought before, Briggs?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then ready!" The door was thrown back. The whole crew stood there with leveled muskets. They were not particularly brave, if they had the bravado of numbers. "Surrender, spiest!" Deitchard said. "We arrest you." "You rascals!" said the captain of the Hussars. "Break, through them, Briggs!" Suddenly the room was filled with smoke and there was a deafening uproar. Burton, finding that he was not hit, sprang forward at the assailants—the dim figures in the smoke of the room. One he felled, but he was overpowered, and then some one brought him a deafening blow. When he awoke he found himself on his back by the side of a little stream. When at last he could look about he saw that his clothes had been changed. He was in rags and tatters. Every vestige of his papers was gone. He was without anything to prove his identity. Then he began to wonder why they had not killed him. He did not fathom their cunning. They had another arrow to their bow besides robbery. He remembered the story about Andre's arrest, but this did not, at that moment, explain the situation to his mind. He

ANXIOUSLY he called the sergeant's attention to them, and the fellow grudgingly permitted himself enough independent action to observe their movements from his post of vantage on horseback. Yes, they were two women. He admitted, after a long and careful scrutiny, and they were coming this way. Unquestionably they were monsieur's friends. He was of the opinion that they were about opposite the most distant of the barracks, and, if the practice were delayed a little, it was possible they might yet pass in safety. Women, however, were not rapid walkers. "For God's sake, can you not signal the batteries to delay?" cried Rayburn. The sergeant viewed him with pitying amazement. Surely not. He was not provided with signals, seeing it was not his duty to use them. There could be no need for it if everyone did his duty. "But, my God, man, you must see there is need for it!" The sergeant shrugged his shoulders. Such an argument was beyond his sphere of reasoning. At last, he added, after a long and painful interval of thought, that even if it were possible to signal, he would not do so. He wished to appear before Polly in his fine clothes, to present himself, after all these years, in such a guise. Yet she loved him; she had confessed that. He would go direct to her and tell the whole sorry story. The cold water had not been so hot, and he was quite himself again. He climbed a fence, over into the ground about the house, and then walked up toward the front door. As he did so a stealthy figure which had been hidden in the bushes rose and ran down the road toward the river. If he had known, this was the man he had heard called Deitchard.

WONDERED if the faithful Briggs were dead. Then, rising painfully, he saw a house. It was the Wilton manor house. He had been there many times in the old days. Why had they left him there? Then, his head aching fearfully, he went down to the brook's edge and drank and bathed the swelling on his temple. What could he do? He looked at the house again. He must have help. But what a mockery it was for him, who wished to appear before Polly in his fine clothes, to present himself, after all these years, in such a guise. Yet she loved him; she had confessed that. He would go direct to her and tell the whole sorry story. The cold water had not been so hot, and he was quite himself again. He climbed a fence, over into the ground about the house, and then walked up toward the front door. As he did so a stealthy figure which had been hidden in the bushes rose and ran down the road toward the river. If he had known, this was the man he had heard called Deitchard.

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INGERSOLL'S QUEER FEE. Was Paid a Counterfeit \$1,000 Bill, but Afterward Reimbursed. About the time Colonel Ingersoll went to New York, the gambling element along Sixth avenue and from Fourteenth to Thirty-second street had many cases to try. At Jake Smith's, who now keeps saloon at the corner of Twenty-eighth and Sixth avenue, there one night came a gambler, a very professional counterfeiter, card sharps, green goods men and the like. They discussed attorneys, and when the night was over they had agreed to band together and to employ Ingersoll to defend them when they were charged with necessary. The first case given the lawyer was one in which a man named Coulson was charged with counterfeiting \$1,000 notes. Coulson had been arrested and a spurious bill of the above denomination had been found upon his person. Colonel Ingersoll appeared for him. The chief prosecuting witness was a man named Jordan, a kinsman of Colonel Jordan of the New York subtreasury, who was an expert in detecting counterfeit coin. Coulson offered to hold the \$1,000 bill in his hand. He would lower it, raise it again and then place it in such a manner as to catch every angle of the eye. "Mr. Jordan, you say this is counterfeit," asked the colonel in a serious tone as he held the piece of paper in his hands. The reply was in the affirmative. Then he lowered his hand that contained the bill between his knees and asked: "Do you mean to say this bill is counterfeit?" Mr. Jordan thought that the colonel had changed bills on him and replied: "No, I don't say anything of the kind."

"Then, your honor," said Ingersoll, addressing the judge, "move the case to be dismissed," and before the prosecutor could make a counter move the defendant had been discharged. As he started from the courtroom Coulson told his lawyer to keep the bill as his fee. When the note was presented at the subtreasury for change it was stamped as counterfeit. Six months elapsed and one night Colonel Ingersoll was at Receptor's cafe in this city. As he went to settle his bill for his meal a gentlemanly appearing fellow approached him and asked him if his name was Ingersoll. Then, before the lawyer had time to speak, \$1,000 in bills was thrust into his hands and Coulson walked rapidly away, remarking as he did, "You will find these good ones," and they were.

INFLAMMATORY Rheumatism Cured in 3 Days. Morton L. Hill, of Lebanon, Ind., says: "My wife had inflammatory rheumatism in every muscle and joint, her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians but received no benefit until she tried the Mystic Cure for Rheumatism. It gave her immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by Carl Lorenz, druggist, Scranton, 418 Lackawanna avenue.



THE SPELL OF ASHTEROTH. (Copyright, 1897, Duffield Osborne.)

SYNOPSIS. Gerald Rayburn, a romantic young American traveling in central France, comes to the town of Clermont-Ferrand, in the department of Puy-de-Dome, named after the mountain so called. He finds at the same hotel two American girls, Miss Miriam and a French girl, Mlle. Hodges. He is attracted by Miss Lowell and endeavors to make her acquaintance, but she and her friend ignore him. He desists from the effort and levitates himself to the top of the mountain, Puy-de-Dome, and sees the young ladies there. He hears at an inn at the foot of the mountain that they have driven over and intend to walk back by a short cut down the mountain which meets the Clermont-Ferrand road further along. Rayburn starts home and comes to a detail of soldiers guarding a part of the road across which artillery target practice is soon to take place. He asks the French sergeant to send word to them or to let him go back and warn them. The sergeant refuses to do this. Just then Rayburn sees the young ladies coming along the road in front of the targets.

Now, and it was all done more rapidly than I have told it, he found himself pulling the horse to its haunches where Miss Lowell stood beside the fainting form of Miss Hodges. "Quick! Up!" he shouted, gasping for breath. "Take her first," said the girl, pointing to her companion. Rayburn looked her straight in the eyes. "You go first," he said, slowly, "or I stay here till you do. That's what I came for—and I would suggest haste." Before either of them knew just how it happened, she was in his arms, he on the horse close behind her and leaning forward so as to throw his body between her and the guns; as if a riddled fieldpiece would make any account of two human aggregations of flesh and bone. The short distance was soon covered and they were well beyond the last target. She sprang to the ground. "You will go," she began, quickly. Then she looked at the line of belching fire and hesitated; but Rayburn had spun his horse around and was riding back. He was conscious that he was frightened now, for the exultation of a few minutes ago had vanished. Still, there was more work to be done, and, dismounting, he took Miss Hodges in his arms, and, climbing back up the steaming animal, turned him once more toward the point of safety. Scarcely a furlong away it was, and he had almost reached it—was even beginning to consider how the tendency toward fainting at critical moments might affect the development of the new woman. Then he felt that something had given way beneath him and that he was going—still forward, but down and turning somersaults as he went. The blood kept getting in his eyes as he scrambled to his feet, but he saw the horse wallowing by the roadside, shot through both haunches, and Miss Hodges lying in a comfortable heap where she had fallen, limp, and consequently unfeeling.

There was something wrong about his left shoulder, but he managed somehow to tuck the woman under his right arm and proceeded to half carry, half drag her, the few remaining feet that had to be covered. Miss Lowell hurried forward to help, but by the time she reached them a were pretty well out of even the line of chance fire, so he only frowned and let her assist, feeling at the same time a renewed sense of indignation against Miss Hodges. Then he was conscious of a strong desire to sit down—in the road—anywhere and, as there didn't seem to be anything else important for him to do, he proceeded to gratify his inclination and straightway sat down about the artillery practice and the mangled horse and even Miss Miriam Lowell. It must have been a long time before he opened his eyes, for his surround-

ings were very different. He was in bed, in a rather pleasant room, and it seemed full of people—at first. Finally the number dwindled down to three—a little fat man in semi-military costume, who was bustling about with a very important air; a handsome old gentleman in uniform, with an empty sleeve and a breast covered with decorations, and Miss Lowell sitting beside him—so his surroundings, as far as he cared about them, weren't so different after all. "Where am I? What's the matter?" asked Rayburn, as his eyes wandered from Miss Lowell around the room and back again to the starting point. "Monsieur has broken his clavicle, and his head is cut. That is all. It will amount to nothing," replied the little man, coming up when he found his patient conscious. Then the officer stepped forward and spoke.



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"Monsieur is at the cafe at the foot of the Puy-de-Dome, and in charge of my surgeon. I will send an ambulance tomorrow that will take him to Clermont-Ferrand." Then he paused and with a quizzical look went on: "Monsieur will understand that he is under arrest for attacking Sergeant Pichot while in discharge of his duty; but monsieur is so brave a man that I dare trust no one to take charge of him save mademoiselle," and he bowed profoundly to Miss Lowell. "When monsieur is convalescent," he added, stepping to the door, "may I beg mademoiselle to see that he reports to General Sauret at Clermont-Ferrand. I desire his company at dinner."

He went on looking at waiting for Rayburn's acknowledgments, and a moment later the surgeon followed him to look after something that was needed. There was a short silence, and then the invalid knew that his nurse and guard was speaking. "When monsieur has to apologize to you very humbly," she said, "for my friend's and my own bad manners, and I am



"CAN'T I GET YOU ANYTHING?"

going to be frank about it. We avoid you because I have always had foolish prejudice against the English." Rayburn started up. "I'm not English," he blurted out, in amazement. "I'm an American. What gave you such an idea?" "Why—madame said, when we asked—," and she stopped short, and blushed very red. "Oh! you asked," commented Rayburn, as if to himself. "Can't I get you anything? Don't you want to see the surgeon? or—?" she had risen. "Not now," he said, reaching out his hand and half forcing her back into the chair. And, from all that I can gather, it must have been at least three-quarters of an hour before the surgeon returned. (The End.)

GERMAN PROFESSOR'S PAY. To Be Increased to \$1,600 a Year in Berlin—Others Who Get Less. Prussia is about to increase the total amount that she pays her officials by almost \$5,000,000 a year. Part of the increase will benefit the university professors, who are Prussian state officials, climbing back up the steaming animal, turned him once more toward the point of safety. Scarcely a furlong away it was, and he had almost reached it—was even beginning to consider how the tendency toward fainting at critical moments might affect the development of the new woman. Then he felt that something had given way beneath him and that he was going—still forward, but down and turning somersaults as he went. The blood kept getting in his eyes as he scrambled to his feet, but he saw the horse wallowing by the roadside, shot through both haunches, and Miss Hodges lying in a comfortable heap where she had fallen, limp, and consequently unfeeling.

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLES. LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD SYSTEM. Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively. Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort. TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON. For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 5:35, 8:05, 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 6:00 and 8:45 p. m. For Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D. & H. R. R. at 6:00, 8:30, 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 6:00 and 8:45 p. m. For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville, and principal points in the coal region, via D. & H. R. R. at 6:45 a. m., 12:05 and 4:41 p. m. For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R. at 6:00, 8:05, 12:05, 1:30, 3:30 (Black Diamond Express), 4:41 and 11:30 p. m. For Philadelphia, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R. at 6:00, 8:05, 12:05, 1:30, 3:30 (Black Diamond Express), 4:41 and 11:30 p. m. For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R. at 6:45 a. m., 12:05, 1:30, 3:30 (Black Diamond Express), 6:50 and 11:30 p. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on Lehigh Valley chair cars on all trains between White-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Chicago. For full particulars apply to the General Agent, ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt., CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Philadelphia. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa. Scranton Office, 309 Lackawanna avenue.

Del., Lacka, and Western. Trains leave Scranton on the following: Express for New York and all points East, 12:25, 2:55, 5:00 and 9:55 a. m.; 1:10 and 3:35 p. m. Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and all points South, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a. m.; 1:10 and 3:35 p. m. Express for Washington and way stations, 3:45 p. m. Tohickon accommodation, 11:30 a. m. Express for Birmingham, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Danville, Mount Airy and Buffalo, 12:05, 1:30, 3:30, 6:00, 8:05, 11:30 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and South. Bath accommodation, 9:15 a. m. Bath accommodation and way stations, 1:05 p. m. Nicholson accommodation, 1:05 p. m. Birmingham and Elmira express, 5:55 p. m. Express for Utica and Richfield Springs, 2:45 a. m. and 1:55 p. m. Utica 2:55 and Bath 3:15 a. m., and 1:55 p. m. Express for Northampton, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Newark, and Danville, making close connection at Northampton for Williamport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, the South, Northampton and intermediate stations, 6:00, 8:25 a. m., and 4:45 and 6:00 p. m. Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 6:08 and 11:20 a. m., Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3:45 and 11:20 p. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on express trains. For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, City Ticket Office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

Central Railroad of New Jersey. (Lohish and Susquehanna Division). Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. TIME TABLE. Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8:20, 9:15, 11:30 a. m., 12:45, 2:05, 3:05, 5:00, 7:30 p. m., Sundays 9:00, 11:00, 1:15, 7:10 p. m. For Atlantic City, 8:20 a. m. For New York, Trenton, Newark and Elizabeth, 8:20 (express) a. m., 12:45 (express) with Buffet parlor car, 3:05 (express) p. m., Sunday, 8:15 p. m. Train leaving at 12:45 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 5:22 p. m. and New York, 7:40 p. m. For March Clark, Allentown, Easton, Hazleton and Philadelphia, 8:20 a. m., 12:45, 2:05, 3:05 (with Philadelphia) p. m., Sunday, 2:15 p. m. For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8:20 a. m. and 12:45 p. m. For Lakewood, 8:20 a. m. For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, 12:45 p. m. For Allentown, 12:45, 5:00 p. m., Sunday, 2:15 p. m. For Pottsville, 8:20 a. m., 12:45 p. m., 2:05, 3:05, 5:00, 7:30 p. m. Returning leave North River, at 9:10 (express) a. m., 1:10, 1:30, 4:15 (express) with Buffet parlor car, p. m., Sunday, 2:15 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 8:00 a. m., 2:00 and 4:30 p. m., Sunday, 6:25 p. m. Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be obtained in advance of the ticket agent at the station. H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Supt., Pass. Agt. J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD. On Monday, Nov. 23, 1896, the following trains will be run: For Carlisle, 5:43, 8:00, 10:15, 12:30, 2:45, 5:00, 7:15, 9:30, 11:45 p. m. For Albany, Saratoga, Montreal, Boston, New England points, etc.—8:45 a. m.; 12:00 noon; 2:15, 4:30, 6:45, 9:00, 11:15 p. m. For Honesdale—8:45, 8:55, 10:15 a. m.; 12:00 noon; 2:15, 4:30, 6:45, 9:00, 11:15 p. m. For Wilkes-Barre—8:45, 8:55, 10:15, 12:00 noon; 2:15, 4:30, 6:45, 9:00, 11:15 p. m. For New York, Philadelphia, etc., via Lehigh Valley Railroad—6:45, 7:45 a. m., 12:00, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30, 11:30 p. m. For Pennsylvania Railroad points—6:45, 7:45 a. m., 12:00, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30, 11:30 p. m. For western points, via Lehigh Valley Railroad—7:45 a. m., 12:00, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30, 11:30 p. m. Trains will arrive at Scranton at following times: From Carlisle, 10:15, 12:30, 2:45, 5:00, 7:15, 9:30, 11:45 p. m. From Wilkes-Barre, 11:30, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 p. m. From Pottsville, 11:30, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 p. m. From Reading, 11:30, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 p. m. From Harrisburg, 11:30, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 p. m. From Allentown, 11:30, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 p. m. From Philadelphia, 11:30, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 p. m. From New York, 11:30, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 p. m. For full particulars apply to the General Agent, H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Supt., Pass. Agt. J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

Eric and Wyoming Valley. Effective Jan. 4, 1897. Trains will run on the following: For New York, Newark and intermediate points on Erie, also for Hawley and local points, at 7:35 a. m., 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. and 5:35 p. m. from above points at 10:35 a. m. and 5:35 p. m.

NEW YORK AND WESTERN RAILWAY. On Monday, Nov. 23, 1896, the following trains will be run: For Albany, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For New York, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Washington, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Baltimore, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For New Haven, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Boston, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Chicago, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For St. Louis, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Kansas City, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Omaha, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Denver, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Salt Lake City, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For San Francisco, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Portland, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Seattle, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Vancouver, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Victoria, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Seattle, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Vancouver, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Victoria, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m.

SCHENECTADY DIVISION. In Effect October 14th, 1896. North Bound. 10:35 201 Stations 10:27 204 South Bound. 10:35 201 Stations 10:27 204. Trains Daily, Except Sunday. For Albany, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For New York, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Washington, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Baltimore, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For New Haven, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Boston, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Chicago, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For St. Louis, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Kansas City, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Omaha, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Denver, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Salt Lake City, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For San Francisco, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Portland, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Seattle, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00 p. m. For Vancouver, 8:00, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:0